

The Queen



The Omen

Volume 5, Number 8
Ape-Real 7, 1995

*** EDITORS ***

Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor
Ben Sanders.....Production Editor
David Wilcox.....Graphics Editor
Ben Piekut.....Music Editor
Aaron Mulvany.....Section Hate Editor

STAFF

Josh Brassard.....Notes From Limboland
Matthew Flaming.....Thoughts After Midnight
Lauren Ryder.....Gangsta' Bytch

CONTRIBUTORS

Stephanie Cole
Jonathan Karon
Drew Mansell

"It's gonna be bedlam if we get 'em"
-Flavor Flav

CONTENTS

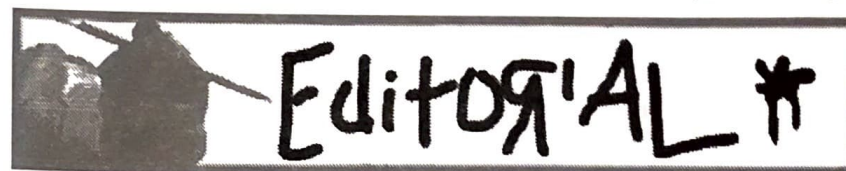
Page 3.....Schizophrenic Editorial
Page 4.....A Rebuttal
Page 5.....Fuck Lori Petty
Page 6.....Ben Reviews the Loud Music Festival
Page 8.....Saturday Night Live, and an Ad

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



Editorial in Seven Movements

Hi kids. There are seven things on my mind that I want to go over for this very editorial, so here goes everything:

1. Synaesthesia. After writing my article a few weeks ago about student publications on campus, and particularly knocking Synaesthesia, I talked to Nedda Jastremsky, the organizer of said magazine. The one thing I discovered that has since changed my opinion on the magazine since talking with her, is that my opinions were formulated on what merely amounted to a poor advertising campaign.

What Nedda explained Synaesthesia to be was a women's magazine which accepts any type of submission, including a focus on academia, including class papers and such. I think this is beneficial because, there aren't enough of these types of thing in the "Real World", or even Hampshire. It's a shame, because most of the female magazines I've seen around here are some variation of whining about sexuality, but never the lack thereof. It would be good to see something competent, intelligent, and genuinely intriguing to fill the void that Hail and Rhyme's absence left (this publication was also run by

Nedda).

2. Jonathan Karon. I'm sorry. Jonathan submitted a response to Dario Sabatini's article of many, many weeks ago. Due to my error, it got published late in the online Omen, and extremely late in the print Omen. My deepest apologies, Jonathan.

3. Spring Break. I did work, I went home, I came back. I did more work. I also ate a lot of soup. I highly recommend Progresso Minestrone and Macaroni and Beans.

4. Maya Angelou, Elie Wiesel. I went to this "conversation" last Tuesday. They both had some interesting anecdotes and stories to share, but it all seemed skin deep. When you get two such creative, intelligent people talking in a room, you'd think that they'd talk about creative, intelligent things, but they (to my disappointment) just talked about generic things. It was essentially an hour discussing why hatred and such is bad. I know that. If I wanted to hear about peace, love, and understanding, I'd attend one of those stupid hippie drum circles that should be coming up along with the spring.

5. Andy Kaufman. Genius, pure genius. Anyone who is such a joker that people genuinely question whether or not he faked his own death. I saw the tribute to him on TV last Wednesday, and even though it was a bit chinsy, it was nice to see clips of the man who could warp people's perceptions of what is real and what is staged. I understand more and more why he considered himself a performance artist.

6. Laurie Anderson. Speaking of performance artists, I saw Laurie Anderson's new multimedia production: *The Nerve Bible* last Thursday. It was a brilliant integration of sound and vision. I wish there were more people of her caliber in the art world.

7. New York Art weekend. BE WARNED!!! Instead of Devo Weekend 2, The Omen will be having New York-Art School-Live Concert Night featuring Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense* and Laurie Anderson's *Home of the Brave*. Stay tuned for details.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen

An (Overdue) Rebuttal to Mr. Sabatini

So, Dario seems to think that this country would be better off with a modified monarchistic system, committees picked to control the various facets of our political system, long chains of spiraling DNA running backwards down the long road of autonomy into corrupt dishevelment.

Well, these chosen people, representing all races, creeds, states, sexes, perversions, etc. would be of outstanding moral fiber, believe in what is right, not be swayed by allegiances to any single segment of the population, etc., etc...No.

I don't think so...Hey, maybe this is all some variation of a Divine Comedy, but I don't like the idea...vaguely reminiscent of anyone's favorite book, an Orwellian masterpiece written by the man himself?

Yeah, sounds a bit like the 1984 that I read a few years back. You got the proletariat, an uneducated mass of people, swaying and humming to the non-sense tunes and poetry cranked out by giant machines, the working class of citizen, college educated, and devoted to the continuance of the state, and the governing class, a group hand-picked by themselves to continue the functioning of security and to issue orders to others...As Orwell says, it doesn't look like a Monarchy 'cause its not hereditary, they just pick the promising ones to form the next generation...

OK, so these people would be of high moral standing, not do what any single faction wanted,

but do what was right. So, what is right? I guess that right flows from a logical tracing back to truth. So, what's truth? Here's an example...What's right...

Hampshire raised its tuition again this year...was that right to do? In a related issue, Some of Phys Plant wants to unionize, it that right?

Depends on who you ask...for the workers who want to unionize, probably...they get better representation, better workplace, etc. One of my modmates came home over janterm and asked me to wear a pro-union pin for the few days before the election, she believed that the cause was "right."

Well, let's see...Phys Plant unionizes...they do this for their own economic good...The school has to raise their expenses, hence they have to raise their tuition, hence I have to shell out more money to go here...is it still right? This is a labor dispute, who should I side with? the Phys plant workers and take the side of the small man fighting against the corporate towers of evil? The administration and take sides against the evil workers trying to get money out of my pocket book? Both sides might or might not benefit from my animosity/support...so I shut up, it ain't my business...

How about deforestation...We gonna cut down the trees, feed the thousands of lumberjacks, mill-workers, etc., or leave the trees, save the environment and put thousands out of their jobs? There's

never one right side, kiddies, NEVER.

So, I'll shut up in just a minute, but here's my thought for the new method of government, not a democracy, that's just a dictatorship of the majority (who I don't particularly like much,) or a heremetically sealed committee monarchy, or whatever...

Corporate identities, industrial clans, banks, etc. Massive pillars of finance and industry regulation commerce, trade, and everything else, Japanese work ethic, tie your life to your company and your safe, swirling anarchistic whoopee-cushions with pools of order where entities with the money and clout can make them appear, or where you can prove that you're indispensable to all of the people who want to get rid of you...The best float to the top this way.

Think of it as a massive Darwinian time-bomb. The best live, the rest die. Of course, the poor bastards who don't have the initiative to do something to keep themselves afloat won't be happy with this, but oh well...If humans are a fundamentally decent race, we'll see the decent ones rise above, otherwise, we'll see just what exactly humans are...

Of course, if you really understand what I'm saying, you already know the fundamental paradigm shift required, and the intrinsic flaw that I could point out in my plan.

Jonathan Karon
3/8/95, 12:53 am

Glossy Hollywood-Media Hype: 1, Alternative Comics, 0

[Writer's note: For those of you who thought Michael Keaton made an adequate Batman, this review might seem overly knit-picky and cinematically anal. For, on the other hand, those of you who winced at the idea of a Watchmen movie (especially when you caught a gander of the proffered script), this bitch will be dead-on. I leave you to decide what kind of person you might be. Just remember, forwarned means fore-I-told-you-so'd.]

This past Friday, I trucked over to the Hampshire 6 Theatres to catch the twilight showing of the new movie, *Tank Girl*. Having been a fan of the black-and-white comic since it's 1988 *Dark Horse* debut, I entered more with a feeling of duty than a thrill of anticipation; nothing makes a fan cringe so much as a movie mutation of the original work. My forboding, however, was tempered with a loathing of that "it was cool until everybody got their hands onto it" attitude, and determined not to be a model for such a pose, I went off to see the movie, teeth gritted against reality.

To get way ahead of myself: Yeah, it sucked. And what's worse, it sucked it a such a benign fashion as to be more disrespectful than a direct departure from the plot. In other words, it was fast-food *Tank Girl*, neatly packaged and ready to go. Rank

offensiveness turned into, ahem, "feminine power." A strong individual turned into a strong "woman." I friggin' HATE "strong women"!

No. No. I can be coherent over this, really. After all, I managed to leave the theater without pissing on the screen. The three friends I went with didn't have to use the bail money they prudently thought to bring. So I can be rational. Here we go.

First of all, the script-writers of the movie indulged in what I call "origin syndrome." In other words, a character simply can't be, they having to have a *reason for being*. In this case, *Tank Girl* was given a name ("Rebecca"), a boyfriend, and of course, a cute, post-apocalyptic orphan to bring out her nurturing side (what I call "Newt syndrome." Nothing, obviously, to do with advanced Republicanism.). When "Rebecca" loses all these to an assault by the "Water Power" organization (The Bad Guys), she of course loses her shit and kicks some big ol' meany ass.

The significance, of course: you just can't go around killing people unless you have a reason. Of course, the original *Tank Girl* *did* have a reason. She liked killing people, especially when they annoyed her. Well. This just wouldn't do.

Next: the movie had "Where

the fuck are we" malaise, coupled with "Bad Accent" cancer. In other words, *Movie Tank Girl* had this crass Brooklyn accent, and everybody else sounded like Olivia Newton-John in the movie *Grease*. This left everyone wondering where the hell the movie was set, and why the hell they all sounded so affected. Oi.

I won't go into how many departures there were from the original characterizations; a long time ago, I decided that a movie done in the spirit of *Tank Girl* was all I was gonna get. But even that wasn't in the offing. The spirit of *Tank Girl* would have been a work with mondo gratuitous blood and guts, utterly crass people who don't give a sod about everyone else, and a girl who genuinely liked to drink, smoke, and be a bitch to all those around her, just so she could do it. She wasn't hiding her vulnerable self, she wasn't a victim hardened by the world; she was a cunt. Hollywood just won't admit that women are as much a part of the asshole population as men.

Hence, Lori Petty as *Tank Girl*.

There's more, but why bore you? This could have been a good movie and it sucked ass.

Initiate me. Yeah, right.

Stephanie Cole



Ben and Indie Rock Heaven

Yeah, so I went to the **Loud Music Festival** last weekend and saw some really great bands. Because I am an idiot, I missed Thursday's shows, which included **New Radiant Storm King**, **Helium**, **Blonde Redhead**, **Everclear**, **Suddenly Tammy!**, and a few others. Because other people I know are idiots, I missed the first two hours of bands on Friday, which included **Home** and **Sugar Plant**. Nonetheless, I did see some amazing shows on Friday night.

On Friday, we started the night off going to see **Quivver** (it was a slow point on the schedule, and I thought I had heard good things about them - needless to say, I was very, very wrong.) Luckily, there was a bomb threat, so their set was stopped early.

At ten, **Scarce**, from Providence, took the stage at the Iron Horse and put on the surprise performance of the Festival. I was immediately interested in the band because the lead singer/guitarist looked just like that guy from the *Addams Family*. Without a doubt, they performed the best live show I have ever seen, as everyone who was jammed into the club would probably agree. It's difficult for

me to think of comparisons, and the closest I could come was the **Fastbacks** mixed with 80's glam pop.

It was the stage presence, however, that set **Scarce** apart. Everything was there - weird fashion sense, macho poses, crowd interaction, manic headbanging, and, yes, they windmilled. Add to this the fact that they are probably the sexiest band ever, and you can understand why they had the crowd by their collective testicles, so to speak. **Chick Grating**, singer/guitarist, told me they have a n.e.p. coming out on **A&M** soon, so check it out.

Scrawl had the difficult job of going on next, and did a reasonable job. They played more mature pop songs, with great double female vocals. I guess their set served a good purpose, bringing the crowd down after **Scarce** and in preparation for **Edsel**.

One of my top priorities for the whole festival was to see **Edsel**, and they played at midnight at the Iron Horse. Unfortunately, the great crowd that helped **Scarce** give the show of the event had all filed out during and after **Scrawl**, so there were very few of us left (I guess everyone else went to see the **Dambuilders** at Pearl

Street.) Nonetheless, they put on an **AMAZING** show. Louder than anyone else I heard at the Festival, they played about half from the new album, *Detroit Folly*, and half from 1993-94's incredible *Everlasting Belt Company*, with a couple singles thrown in. The guitar solos(?) continue to impress me, mixing melody, noise, and feedback. They recently signed to **Relativity**, but don't let that stop you from buying their shit.

So, Saturday morning came. **Andrew Beaujon** of **Eggs** fame was playing a mini-concert at Main Street Records, so I decided to check it out. He only played about 5 songs and 25 minutes, but it was pretty neat to finally see the voice behind **Eggs**. My favorite part was between songs, when he said to the 20 of us who were the audience that he really doesn't like acoustic guitar, and that, being from Northampton, we probably all have a big inherent fear of people with acoustic guitars. "A Pit with Spikes" was the only **Eggs** song he played.

Tizzy played at Pearl Street later that afternoon, along with **Ruby Falls**. Both were okay, but I was pretty unim-

Continued on next page

D'oh! I Missed Helium!

Continued from previous page

pressed by **Ruby Falls**. I like the few songs I have heard, but their live show was just kind of boring.

This was offset by **The Delta 72**, who followed. I would describe their music as punk-rockabilly, with guitar-bass-organs-drums. This really didn't matter, though, because, as with **Scarce**, it was the performance that was really over the top. The guitarist/singer/lead guy seemed to be a combination of **Chuck Berry**, **Jerry Lee Lewis**, and **Elvis** on stage, not afraid to use his guitar slide, harmonica, or do splits off the drum kit and solos standing on top of speakers. They have a single on **Dischord**.

At 7:00, we headed for the Iron Horse for the rest of the night (throughout the festival they had the best bands). A Boston duo called **El Tiente** played, and were pretty forgettable, except for their cover of a **Kudgel** song. Next up were **Karate**, who are the buzz of the underground community right now (I couldn't wait to see them). They played incredibly. The music transcends the obvious comparisons to **Seam** or **Codeine** by rocking out pretty hard on occasion. I was really impressed by how tight they played, and how good the guitarist was. The **Self-starter Foundation** has put out a single by **Karate**, and a split 12 inch is in the works. Highly recommended.

The club got packed

around 9:00, when **Spent** were scheduled to play. They were one of the most popular bands there, I guess, because of their new album out on **Merge Records**. The album is pretty good, from what I've heard, but there show was a real letdown. Totally generic mid-tempo indie-pop - I was very glad when they stopped, not only because of them, but because I knew who was coming up next.....

What can I say about **Roger Miller**? If there were any justice in this world, his name would ring bells the size of Rhode Island, but if you don't know him, check out the list of projects he's lead: **Moving Parts**, **Mission of Burma**, **Birdsongs of the Mesozoic**, **Maximum Electric Piano**, **No Man**, and **Exquisite Corpse**. He is my idol and my guitar teacher, so I'm pretty biased, you could say. This was the second time I've seen him, and it was even more amazing than the first. He plays alone, with his guitar through a bunch of loops and infinite repeats, so that he can get the sound of a multi-piece band by himself.

I was wondering how the crowd would react to his avant-garde guitar solo/noise/jazz/explosion thing, but once he started playing, everything was cool. They loved him. I loved him. I hope you love him. **Richard** from **Versus** loves him.

So, by the time **Versus** went on at 11:00, the club was

jammed. This was also the second time I'd seen **Versus**, and they, like **Roger Miller**, were even more amazing than the first time. I think guitarist **Richard Baluyut** broke 5 strings during their set, which is evidence to the intensity level of the band.

They played stuff of the **Teenbeat** album, as well as their Working Holiday song, "Tin Foil Star." I was hoping they would play some of their earlier songs from singles on **Pop Narcotic** and **Land Speed**, and my wish was granted when they launched into "Bright Light" to end the show. To hell with out-of-tune guitars, they were still great! Rivaling **Scarce** for best show of the Festival.

Small Factory ended the festivities, and were their usual amiable selves on stage. It was nice to be part of the audience for such a friendly group of people, but I really am not a huge fan. They (fittingly) played "Versus Tape" and "Everyone's Happy for the First Time in Weeks," a **New Radiant Storm King** song. **Richard** from **Versus** joined them for some song I didn't know and "Expiration Date," which indeed rocked hard.

The crowd loved them, and they were a good way to end a great festival.

Next week I'll review some albums and singles, including the new **Archers of Loaf** and others.

Ben Piekut

Ok...We'll Give 'em the Blues Bros.

Okay, normally I make it a point to diss on fat white men, but let's face it, the John Goodman/Dan Akroyd Blues Brothers bit was good, and I'm a Blues Brothers fan from way back (8th grade). Besides, John Goodman could beat the crap out of Chris Farley, so it's all good.

Pork Soda - Coming soon to SAGA. Superfans was exceptional - four fat white guys, totally shitfaced, gorged on chicken wings and sporting the finest in white trash sports blither. Also, Farley finally admits what we've always known - they know they suck, but they're getting paid! By the way, that home tattoo kit really works, I should know.

The Tom Snyder bit was probably funny, but that station gets preempted by the Gordon Elliot show on our TV, which is a really funny show, unlike Saturday Night Live.

I didn't know Dan Akroyd was Canadian, but I really didn't give a shit. I also think that The Tragically Hip have misnamed themselves. I think The-Tragically-Out-Of-Tune-Lead-Singer-Thinks-He's-David-Byrne-And-Is-In-Desperate-Need-Of-Something would be more appropriate.

Norm MacDonald - Dennis Miller wannabe. God, he must hate his job.

O.K., acquit O.J. if you want, but for Christ's sake, convict that Kato Kaelin guy of something. Please, I beg of you. You can at least convict his hair.

Engagement ring, apart-

ment, or crack - I think that's an easy one. TAKE THE CRACK!!! You only live once, why suffer?

Adam Sandler sniffing a German Shepherd's ass? That's not legal in Massachusetts, is it? I think not. More knee-in-the-groin action; it still hurts, but I didn't get the point. I hope I'm not alone. Hell, I'm probably the only one who watches the damn show anyway.

The Howard Stern - Rush Limbaugh bit would have been funnier if someone got shot. Preferably everybody, but this world is imperfect, so I suppose it doesn't matter.

The guy doing the book on Pathetic, Self-Deluded Losers should have come to Hampshire - Man, what a goldmine.

I have a better Unsolved Mystery - Where does all that tuition money go?

Penis humor - almost as funny as coal-miner humor, but not really.

At least the show ended, as well as Chris Elliot's career. Actually, I guess that really ended at birth, or shortly thereafter. In any case, who gives a shit. Not you. You're probably not even reading this.

Drew Mansell

Comic Book Legal Defense Fund benefit featuring Neil Gaiman,

(Sandman, Mr. Punch, Violent Cases)

with special guest,

Dave Sim

(Creator of Cerebus)

April 9, 2-5 pm

Academy of Music Opera House, Northampton

Tickets: \$10,\$15,\$20,\$25

(Add \$2 on day of the event)

For more info, call the CBLDF at
413-586-6967 or 800-992-2533